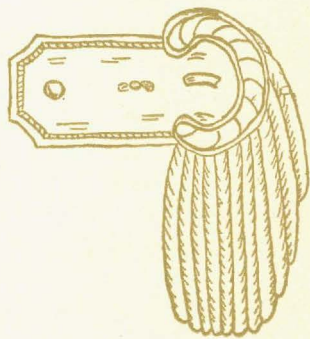
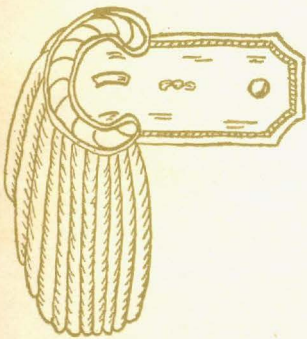


# *The* EPAULET



*Not Words, but Thoughts and the Manner of  
Expressing Them Make Literature*



# *The* EPAULET

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY *by the* STUDENTS of

MARY WASHINGTON COLLEGE  
of the UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

---

---

Vol. V

MARCH, 1945

No. 2

---

---

*Co-Editors-in-Chief*

ALICE LYNCH

ELIZABETH ROBERTS

*Literary Editor*

PRUDENCE BURCHARD

*Art Editor*

MARY FRANCES CHEATHAM

*Business Manager*

JANET MENCHING

*Publicity Manager*

JEAN RANSOM

*Assistant Publicity Manager*

GINI COOPER

*Advertising Managers*

MARTHA HUGHES

BEVERLY PAYNE

HELEN PAPENDREAU

*Circulation Manager*

BETTY JANE JONES

*Assistant Circulation Managers*

EMILY LYNCH

RAVIS MCBRIDE

DORIS FAY HINNANT

JEANNE TILLERY

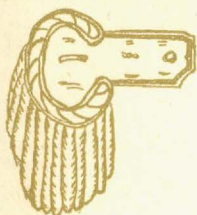
*Typists*

MARY ELLEN BAXTER

FLORENCE GUTHRIE

GEORGE EARLIE SHANKLE

*Sponsor, Approving Editor, and Director of Publication*



# CONTENTS



	PAGE
An Easter Psalm, <i>Alice Lynch</i> .....	4
A Message from the Co-Editors.....	5
Faith of One Lost, <i>Frances Gowen</i> .....	6
A Word of Praise, <i>Louise Pope</i> .....	6
My Dabblings in Dentistry, <i>Catherine Fastabend</i> .....	7
Contrast, <i>Helen Joan Goode</i> .....	8
Semper Fidelis, <i>Jacqueline Rudman and Emily Lynch</i> .....	9
Question, <i>Helen Joan Goode</i> .....	10
On the Hill, <i>E. E. Bono</i> .....	11
Nocturnal Reverie, <i>Louise Pope</i> .....	12
And Then I Knew, <i>Ruth Sargent</i> .....	13
Wheatland, <i>Kay Noble</i> .....	16
No Is Such a Small Word, <i>Mary E. Johnson</i> .....	17
I've Never Been to England, <i>Kay Noble</i> .....	20
Index of Authors.....	21



## *An Easter Psalm*

*By*

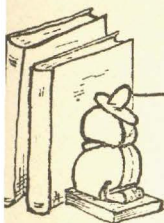
ALICE LYNCH

Welcome now the day of days,  
Earth from winter's hold released,  
Son of God and man arise,  
Behold the dawn through perfect eyes.

Love from death's dark hour free  
Walk among the lilies, see  
Where come Thy servants glad today,  
To find the rock now rolled away.

Tarry with us ere you go,  
That we may learn to live as Thee,  
And know Thy promise to be true:  
"All the way I am with you."

Then to find an Easter day,  
When perfect peace shall be supreme,  
Give us faith by Thy good grace  
To share with Thee Thy heavenly place.



## A Message From The Co-Editors

---

**E**UGENE O'NEIL has revived an old Greek custom of using masks on the stage, but for a different reason than the Greeks had. They used masks to emphasize a character's face, and O'Neil uses them to show how we all wear masks in life to hide our true selves. Thus it is we never seem to appreciate the subtle truths of those around us, for we are unable to see beneath the mask they wear in public.

There are ways to catch a glimpse, beneath these masks, of the true person. One of the best is by reading their creative writings. That tall, athletic, happy-go-lucky girl who seems so down to earth, has written a poem about a scene in nature, revealing a sensitiveness to the poetical beauty around us that we never suspected in her. That quiet serious little girl who has such a grave air all the time has written a fantastic and humorous sketch showing a sense of humor and fun unnoticed by the casual observer.

So it goes. We are blind to the depth and variableness of people we meet but do not know intimately. We have a tendency to stereotype everyone. Therefore, when reading *THE EPAULET*, remember, we are getting a peep behind the mask, a glimpse of the real person, but only a glimpse. It is a rare privilege.

## *Faith of One Lost*

*By*

FRANCES GOWEN

Into each heart some love must call,  
Out of each life some good must fall,  
Through the darkness a light must glow,  
After a draught, the waters flow.  
Though in your soul empty silence rings  
Another soul sweet music brings.

Though skies blacken with clouds of rain  
When "Now" is sad and filled with pain,  
"Past" you try to forget but remember,  
And "Future's" fire dies to an ember;  
If then to God you can humbly pray,  
Though stumbling blind, you'll find the way.



## *A Word of Praise*

*By*

LOUISE POPE

Fugitive from God and man,  
Sunk in the depths of gloomy days,  
Receive this strong and helping hand:  
A word of praise.

Traveler o'er life's weary way,  
Encompassed 'round with darkest maze,  
See ahead the light of day:  
A word of praise.

Keep on striving!  
Look ahead!  
Be the leader,  
Not the led.

Finally, in life's last phase,  
Receive your crown—a word of praise.



# My Dabblings in Dentistry

By

CATHERINE FASTABEND

EVER since I bit the family dentist, I have been buffeted from one pain-thriller to the next. That unfortunate incident occurred about five years ago when I was still quite young and unreasonable. It was a very simple procedure in which I was having my photogenic incisors X-rayed. At the request to "bite down now," I did, but a little too quickly. In that case the teeth were quicker than the hand. After a few unutterable utterings hissed between gnashed teeth, he allowed me to wander at large. I returned his fingertips and strutted out.

After a rigid abstinence of a few years (during which time there were intermittent twinges of conscience and aches at each "See your dentist at least twice a year" sign), I was sent, tearful and prayerful, to a new dentist and was very courageous until he suggested an extraction of one of my favorite back teeth. This suggestion I refused. He insisted. He, not being much of a sport, became more emphatic until I

saw the futility of further word-bantering and departed with a flourish, and some of his newest magazines. (Purposely, I do not give a detailed description of this departure—I'm afraid I would be bitter. . . .)

Recently I found myself in the throes of a very unfortunate situation. Once again my teeth were beginning to fall to pieces! Being older, and with more mature ideas, I determined to set my wits to work and hit at some feasible solution to my dental problem. After much deliberation, I finally decided on a plan whereby I should wait (sometimes painfully) until two hours before I should be leaving town and then rush breathlessly into any dentist's office and demand quick attention. Through this scheme, he would have no time to pull and less time for fancy drill-work. The subtlety of this plan has worked wonderfully well the last two times and I feel sure that I now have gained the upper hand.



# Contrast

By

HELEN JOAN GOODE

My Easter—  
Filled with the scent of lilies—  
Filled with sweet spice of rose and gardenia—  
Surging with music—  
Music of girls' voices  
Shining triumphant through the organ notes.  
Soft with the sunlight on the pastor's head—  
Soft with the bloom on dark branches—  
Soft with new green on dark branches—  
Filled with new life, new hope, new sweetness—  
Filled with a glorious God!

And his—  
Filled with the smell of powder—  
Filled with the stench of hatred and fear—  
Surging with thunder—  
Pounding on the senses—  
Glistening with the mud that has no end—  
Hard as the wet grenade in his hand—  
Hard as the mountain stone under his knee—  
Hard as the eyes of the dead—  
Filled with pain, with death and weariness—  
But somewhere there is God.



# Semper Fidelis

By

JACQUELINE RUDMAN *and* EMILY LYNCH

COTILLION week-end left little to be desired for anyone, including the spectators. We had reserved seats on the second floor landing, but unfortunately, through some advance information, our point of vantage was already occupied by a motley cross-section of our contemporaries, obviously camouflaged.

Like birds of a different feather, we watched the cardinals and gold finches descend into the assortment of pigtails, housecoats, trench coats of all colors, bare feet, slippers, shoes, shorts—well, whatever those things are you find in a college girl's closet.

To a man the four expectant young penguins, with beaming countenances arose, only to be greeted by the aloof, appraising glances of four of Willard's flaming flamingoes, who were swiftly retrieved by four tall Marines.

We as the spurned, gazed longingly after the retreating backs of the eight. As soon as possible we ran to our rooms for a pair of binoculars and put them to use quickly as we perceived four naval officers entering.

Suddenly, above the chaos that reigned supreme upon our Utopia below, we heard what seemed to be the arrival of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Literally tearing ourselves away, we saw a shoeless, distraught young lady dashing after six fully shod mares,

who flaunted a pair of silver slippers above their heads.

We hate to mention that those four eager young things were disappointed again, but they were. They sighed in anguish as another contingent of Willard beauties swept by, heels clicking and skirts swishing merrily. The dejected boys settled themselves stiffly on the sofa, and after carefully hitching their trouser legs, to keep the pleats pleated, they looked mournfully at one another, lamenting the fate of all who arrive on time.

We were interrupted once again by the advent of a bespectacled and slightly harrassed young maiden, who made a nose-dive for our housemother, who was apparently entranced by a flight officer with a tousled carrot crop. Gasping and forgetful of the rules governing a young Southern lady's behavior, the girl blurted out, in what was her unreasonable facsimile of a whisper, "Excuse me, Ma'am. My roommate went to take a bubble bath one hour ago and I haven't been able to find her anywhere—and Bimpie, that is Robert Baker, has been waiting for her. What'll I do?"

"Oh, my goodness!" replied the hostess, "that is terrible. I've warned you girls time and time again about those bubble baths, but you won't listen. We'd better call the fire company."

Meanwhile, we heard another stam-

pede on the third floor and, going up to investigate, we found about twenty girls running around frantically, carrying mops and rags to clean up the river of soap bubbles issuing from beneath the bathroom door.

The panorama, upon returning to our ledge, was once again changed, like the varying patterns of a kaleidoscope. The army had established a beachhead and was moving forward with all the military flourishes of a flank movement to welcome into their midst three potential Veronica Lakes, who smiled, oh so tenderly, at the penguins, who had once more assumed a standing position. Twirling daintily on their winged toes,

our *femme fatales* grasped the khaki gallants tenaciously by the offered arms and glided out of the door.

We were becoming as anxious as the penguins, when finally, from the third floor, there echoed a series of laughs and giggles, which much resembled someone running a stick over a scale of chimes. In an atmosphere of blended perfumes our proudest lovelies came downstairs. Hair shining, lips perfect, "faces on straight," how beautiful they looked. We, as well as the lucky penguins, who probably couldn't even think any more, do heartily believe that if you wish long enough and are strong enough, you don't have to be a Marine.



### Question

By

HELEN JOAN GOODE

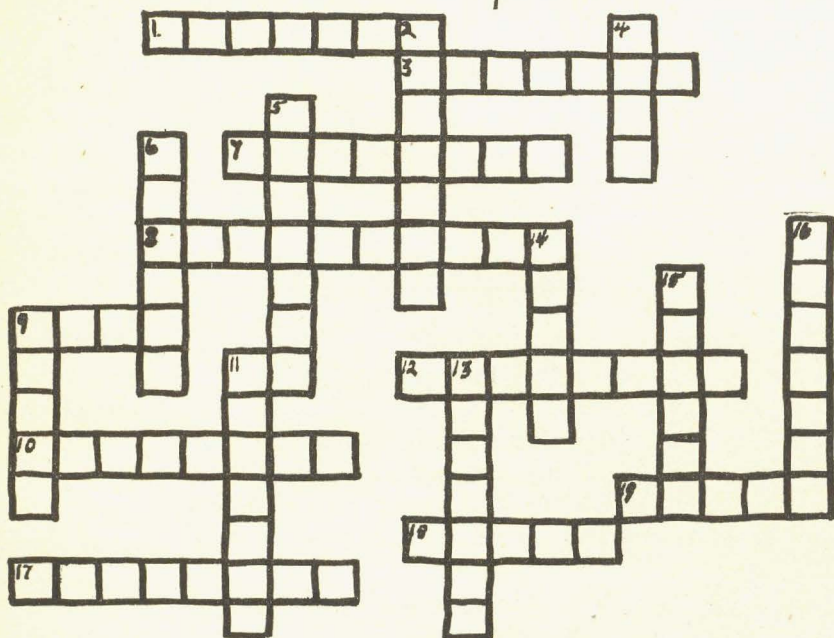
He sent an orchid  
And I pin it on with pride,  
But dullness is within me.  
There's nothing in my eyes to hide:  
No shine of lifting love or glint of memory,  
Naught but a costly bloom for everyone to see.

He sent an orchid—  
How nice it is to know someone  
Who cares enough for this.  
But I remember daisies in the sun. . . .  
Oh, tell me why I miss  
The foolish glory of a half-forgotten kiss?



# ON THE HILL

by E.E. BONO



## FORMULAE

### ACROSS

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1. You're not goin' to.                           | 10. Forty-fo'.                           |
| 3. Anything from Bach to Boogie.                  | 12. Papa.                                |
| 7. Soundless, motionless. . .                     | 17. At the close of the last period.     |
| 8. A pose on the paper is worth two on the brush. | 18. Dr. MacIntosh.                       |
| 9. Attack with vigor.                             | 19. Mary Washington College, on the air. |

### DOWN

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 2. Hey, you!   | formulae, there wouldn't be any science building left. |
| 4. I would like to see <i>everyone</i> get an A; but . . .   | 9. She can bake a cherry pie.                          |
| 5. Oh yes, Miss Jones <i>from</i> Tomcat Alley of Two Pine Lane in the southern part of Western Arizona. | 11. Ana a habbik habitti.                              |
| 6. Miss ———, if you mixed the chemicals the way you balance the  | 13. Modern.  |
|  | 14. You are only a sawdust doll.                       |
|  | 15. Accentuate the gram positive.                      |
|  | 16. The Nativity Play (Dr.).                           |

(Solution on Page 19)



## *Nocturnal Reverie*

*By*

LOUISE POPE

The clouds parted to reveal a star  
Shining above me, so clear and so far.  
Oh, wondrous eye that sees all nations,  
The works of man, his meditations!

Your shining orbit what wisdom holds.  
The mighty saga of life unfolds  
Beneath you, a never-ending stream  
Of hopes, ambitions, fears, a dream.

All you see and all you know,  
Whatever happens here below.  
Your mighty store of wisdom keep,  
And never reveal to us who sleep.

Speak, lordly guardian of Heaven's folds.  
Tell us what the future holds.

# And Then I Knew

By

RUTH SARGENT

MRS. BAILEY, the gray-haired, middle-aged school teacher, smiled pleasantly at the roomful of restless fourth graders. It was a typical New England spring morning and the children were anxious for school to end so that they might go out and play in the squishy schoolyard mud. It was a shame for them to be in school on such a fine day, and the teacher knew it. She brought the class to attention with a brisk "ahem," and then began the morning exercises by playing the introduction to "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," on the huge upright piano which occupied the right-hand corner of the room. I sat in the first row near the piano and sang in a loud shrill falsetto, which seemed to ring out above the sweeter, more musical voices of the other pupils.

The first class of the day was arithmetic, a subject which I could not master. It seemed to me like a waste of time, so instead of paying attention to the class discussion, I stared out the window at the tempting mud. Suddenly Mrs. Bailey's voice became louder and harsher. She was looking straight through her dusty horn-rimmed spectacles at me.

"Ruth-eee Sargent! Since you seem to know so much about this lesson that you can afford not to listen, just suppose you tell us the answer to the third question."

She spoke very fast and spit the words viciously through her clenched false teeth. I glanced down at my book in order to avoid the penetrating stare of her beady eyes.

Just then a heavy knock was heard, and the classroom door opened, revealing the massive figure of the school principal. He beckoned to the flustered Mrs. Bailey, who followed him into the corridor and closed the door.

Immediately the whole class was in an uproar.

"Hey, Ruthie, the answer is five."

"Ha, ha! Ruthie doesn't even know how to do arithmetic."

"I wonder what the principal wants. Maybe you'll be kicked out, Ruthie."

This commotion continued until the solemn-faced Mrs. Bailey re-entered the room. She no longer looked angry; in fact, a few tears glistened on her cheek as she walked slowly to the front of the room and faced the class. She cleared her throat and then began to speak in a low, rather shaky voice.

"My dear children, I have some very sad news to tell you. Our dear friend and school superintendent, Mr. Keith, passed away last night. There will be no more school today. You are all to go straight home. If your parents are willing, you are invited to Mr. Keith's home this afternoon to pay him your respects. I am sure it will cheer his



wife, to know that the school children regret the death. The class is dismissed."

There was a mad scramble for sweaters, hats, and overshoes. I finally located my belongings and dashed out into the fresh air. Dickie, a blond, blue-eyed fifth grader, was waiting patiently to walk home with me. He smiled shyly as he saw me coming.

"Hi, Ruthie. Want me to walk home with ya?"

"Sure," I answered, "come on, I'll beat you."

I then ran as fast as I could. When Dickie started to pass me, I stopped at once.

"I beat," was my selfish remark.

"Okay, so you beat," he retorted, "but I bet you never saw a dead man like I have. So, there."

By this time we had reached my home. After saying good-bye to Dickie, I dashed up the steps and into the house.

"Ruthie? Yes? Well why are you home so early? You haven't been naughty, have you? For goodness sakes, stop hopping around like a kangaroo and tell me this instant. What have you done?"

A frown appeared on my mother's forehead which caused me to stop my prancing. Here was somebody who wanted to hear of my morning's adventures.

"No, Mommy, I've been just as good as gold, 'cept I didn't pay attention in 'rithmetic class, and Mrs. Bailey yelled at me, and Mr. Keith died, and all the kids are going to see him, and I want

to go, too, and I want to wear my red dress and——"

I simply had to stop and take a deep breath at this point. My mother, taking advantage of the pause, spoke up in a very firm and decided tone.

"I don't care what all the other boys and girls are going to do. You are much too young for any such sight."

"But, Mother——"

"You heard me. Now you run upstairs and put on your old green shorts. They're not clean, but they're good enough to play in the mud in. Now——scoot——out of the kitchen."

I put my dirty green shorts on and went listlessly out into the yard. The mud no longer looked inviting, but I forced myself to make a few mud pies.

Just as this pastime was beginning to bore me, two of my best friends, Marilyn and Dotty, passed the house. They were dressed in their best party dresses and wore shiny patent-leather shoes.

"Where are you going?" I inquired, as I wiped my dirty hands on my shorts.

"We are going to see Mr. Keith," replied Marilyn, tossing her long blonde curls over her shoulder. "Aren't you going?"

"Well, I hadn't planned, to but——"

I couldn't tell her that my mother wouldn't allow it, so I asked cautiously, "Do you mind if I go with you?"

Dotty smiled slyly at Marilyn.

"No, come on," she said invitingly, and I followed after them. As we neared the superintendent's home, the



girls turned around and confronted me. Marilyn spoke.

"You'll have to be awful quiet, and you can't touch him. Now, remember."

We climbed up the steps on to the veranda and waited impatiently while Marilyn rang the bell. The door was promptly opened by Mrs. Keith, whose eyes were red and puffy.

"We've come to look at Mr. Keith," said Marilyn.

"Come right in," replied Mrs. Keith, forcing a smile. A look of bewilderment appeared on her face when she saw me scoot past her into the parlor.

The coffin stood in front of a spacious bay-window and was surrounded by a countless number of fragrant flowers. I stood on my tiptoes, placed my dirty fingers on the edge of the coffin, and peered down at the calm, serene body which lay there.

"Is he really dead?" I asked, but nobody answered me.

He looked so peaceful that it was impossible for me even to imagine that his life was over. I wanted him to open his eyes. Why didn't he move? Would he never move again? What was this

thing called "death"? Would I, too, some day die?

These questions seemed to pound through my head. I took one last peek into the coffin and then fled from the room. I pulled the heavy door open and ran out. It took me only a few minutes to reach my home.

"Oh, Mommy!" my pitiful cry echoed through the big house. "Oh, Mommy. I saw Mr. Keith and he was sound asleep, only he'll never wake up, and he's smiling, and he's in a box, and, Mommy, why was Mrs. Keith crying?"

All this news seemed to temporarily stun my mother.

"Ruthie, you didn't—not in those clothes—oh, no!"

"Yes, I did," was my proud reply.

"Why, you naughty, bad girl. You go straight to your room!"

I left quietly and went up the stairs to my bedroom. As I sat down on the comfortable bed, I felt very pleased and self-satisfied. I had seen a dead man and not been frightened. Death was no longer a mystery to me; it was a beautiful thing, a peaceful thing, and a lovely thing.



# Wheatland

By

KAY NOBLE

A plantation of the twentieth century,  
Lazy and dreaming in the summer sun.  
Broad fields stretch down to the river;  
Sorrel horses graze and frolic in the meadow.  
Shaggy sheep shift about on the wide lawn.  
An old truck waits under the mock-orange tree.  
The house rings with laughter and high spirits—  
The girls are home for the week-end!  
The door opens and long-legged girls dash  
Across the lawn, down to the wharf.  
A sailboat tacks easily across the channel  
And up to the wharf.

It is Betty at the tiller!  
Her long arms are tanned and strong  
As she ties the boat fast.  
The sun through the leaves is embroidered  
In gold on the tide.

Night falls on the river and farm  
In a curtain of quietness.  
There is a moon gilding the river with gold,  
And the magnolia blossoms with silver.  
The homey scent of hay and plowed earth  
Lingers over the place  
And seeps into my memory.

I stroll down to the wharf  
To watch the endless journey of the river,  
Restless in the moonlight.  
The frogs begin their off-key chorus as  
A dog, somewhere over the hill,  
Howls a complaint to the moon.  
The mist of the cooling meadow turns silver.  
I stand there,  
Lost in the magic of the  
Virginia summer night.



# No Is Such a Small Word

By

MARY E. JOHNSON

**I** TIGHTENED my left hand on the wheel and groped about with my right for the thermos bottle. It had slid over to the far side of the seat and at the first attempt I failed to reach it. This annoyed me, and when I did grasp it, I impatiently jerked out the cork stopper with my teeth and drank deeply of the hot, black coffee—great gulps that burned my throat. Some of the burning stuff escaped from the corners of my mouth and trickled down my chin. I choked, and holding the bottle between my knees, replaced the stopper with my free hand. Bah! I hated the stuff; it was as nasty as bitter medicine. But it was becoming harder and harder to keep awake and I had to do something. Under other circumstances I would have switched on the radio and listened to a dance band, but I couldn't do that now. Our mission was not a happy one.

I had been driving for three and one-half hours, since we left the Standard station at Norwood. Mother's telegram had come from Missouri at eight-thirty, and at nine we had left Minneapolis. The clock on the instrument panel now indicated twenty-seven minutes past two.

I yawned a tear-drawing yawn and delved into my jacket pocket for a handkerchief to wipe the coffee from my sweater. I was tired, completely and dangerously tired. The low, sooth-

ing growl of the engine and the constant sway of the car over the undulating pavement were lulling me to sleep. Back and forth swayed the car—back and forth, slowly, rhythmically, as it sped along, growling an accompaniment to its swaying. Every now and then a gust of wind would disturb the rhythm, and I could feel the wind's heavy weight gently nudging the car toward the side of the road.

Presently the car passed over a piece of pavement that had been newly mended with strips of tar, and the pattern of the rhythm changed—whoosh thud, whoosh thud, whoosh thud. I welcomed the change, for it helped dissipate the creeping fatigue that was like a slow drug.

I shook my head savagely and fumbled again for the thermos, but changed my mind and opened the draft vent on the hood. The upward rush of air wandered through my hair and teased my nostrils with faint and familiar odors.

I took a quick look into the back seat to see if Dad were asleep. He didn't seem to be—he wasn't breathing heavily and his pent-up sorrow would probably keep him awake.

I concentrated on the twin-lane strip of concrete that seemed to stretch endlessly over these Iowa flatlands. Up ahead the headlights' high beam was reflected by the glowing, glass-studded



indicators that edged a long and gentle curve in the roadway.

Two miles or more beyond the curve another sign advanced out of the pale moonlight into the range of my lights. We were approaching Iowa City and our journey was half finished. It was here that I would arouse Dad and we would take on gasoline and perhaps have something to drink.

Dad took the wheel at Iowa City and we drank our cokes in the car. Disdaining speed laws, he soon put the bright lights and the remnants of the Saturday night traffic behind us. Our sedan flashed past the town square, the depot with its two lonesome tipped-chair loafers, and the last filling station. Around us was the black satin night and under us was the strip of concrete that guided us on and on.

I sank down in the seat and rested my head against the side window. I didn't have to see the marker to know that we were in Missouri, because the road had started its slow climb to the mountains.

It would have been very easy for Dad and me to have been happy that night, but sorrow and regret rode with me. Somewhere ahead of us was Mother waiting in the big hospital in Missouri, all alone without us there to share her grief. She had gone there for an eye operation to remove the cataracts that had caused her to be blind for more than three years. Now the operation was over, but her telegram had destroyed our hope. Such a con-

fused telegram! No doubt the shock had unnerved her. It had read:

OPERATION OVER STOP BE PRE-  
PARED TO RECEIVE THE AN-  
SWER NO STOP NEED YOUR  
COMING AT ONCE MOTHER

Incredible to think it had not been a success. In spite of my anxiety, I fell sound asleep from utter exhaustion.

Hours later I awoke in a blaze of sunlight. Confused, I sat up and looked out. People, trucks, wagons, cars, sounds swarmed around the car. We were in the city. Shortly we pulled up before a smoked, brick building. The hospital! Looking heart-breakingly worn, Dad turned to me and smiled wearily, in a brave attempt to reassure me. We got out.

Everyone in the hospital seemed so cheerful and brisk. We felt lost, bewildered. The nurse who conducted us upstairs was smiling gaily and kept remarking how surprised and pleased Mother would be to see us. SEE us? If only she could! But why, I wondered vaguely, should she be surprised?

We entered a room, and there was Mother looking wonderful and infinitely dear. But she was changed—her expression was so different. Why, she could actually see us. SEE US!

There followed such a babbling of questions, explanations, and exclamations of delight that it was some time before everything was straightened out. The telegram she had sent us had a slight error in it, but oh! what a dif-

ference in meaning. It was supposed to have read:

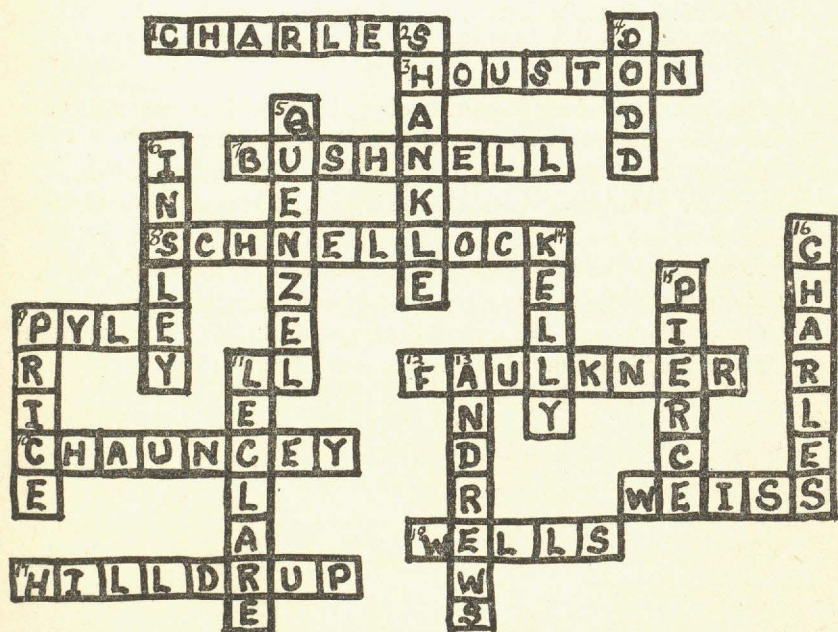
OPERATION OVER. BE PREPARED  
TO RECEIVE THE ANSWER. NO  
NEED YOUR COMING AT ONCE.

MOTHER

She had sent it before she knew the outcome to tell us it was over and that she would let us know the results as soon as possible.

After saying the same things over a dozen times, Dad and I finally left to get a room at the hotel. As I was walking out the door, I began to chuckle. Dad looked at me inquiringly; so I explained I was thinking how typical Mother's first words were. Of all the dramatic things she could have said at such a moment, her first words at the sight of me were, "My darling, how you've grown up. You aren't my baby any longer!"

### ORGANIC SOLUTION





# *I've Never Been to England*

*By*

KAY NOBLE

I've never been to England, I've never seen Big Ben,  
Or heard the bells of Westminster ring out a sweet Amen.  
I've never felt the mists and the fogs of London town,  
I've never seen the heather or the moors so dark and brown.

I've never seen the white chalk cliffs that rise from out the sea,  
But I know that all their ruggedness could become a part of me.  
I haven't been to Oxford or seen the cricket games,  
And I cannot call the bobbies in London by their names.

I haven't traveled old Roman roads through fields of emerald green,  
And the ruins of ancient castles bold, I have never seen.  
I haven't tread the sacred grounds where sleep the kings of old,  
Or seen the honored coats of arms engraved in moulded gold.

Though now the isles of Britain are shattered by the strife,  
There is nothing man can ever do to destroy English life.  
Though the houses fall around them and death lurks in every place,  
There is still undaunted courage in every English face.



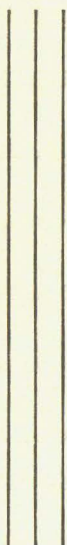
## INDEX OF AUTHORS

---

- BONO, ELLEN, a junior from Washington, D. C.; Dietetics major; member of Alpha Phi Sigma; active in dramatics.
- CONWAY, DOROTHY, a sophomore from Arlington Va.; interested in writing.
- FASTABEND, KATHERINE, a junior from Petersburg, Va.; Science major; member of Mary Washington Players, Alpha Phi Sigma, and the Newman Club.
- GOWEN, FRANCIS, a junior from Maine; Dietetics major; member of Alpha Phi Sigma, Alpha Psi Omega.
- GOODE, HELEN JOAN, a freshman from Roanoke, Va.; member of Alpha Phi Sigma; Y. W. C. A.; Mary Washington Players.
- JOHNSON, MARY E., a sophomore from Herndon, Va.; Psychology major; member of I. R. C., and the Canterbury Club.
- LYNCH, ALICE, a junior from Davisville, Pa.; Science major; member of Alpha Phi Sigma; Co-Editor of THE EPAULET.
- LYNCH, EMILY, a freshman from Davisville, Pa.; English major; member of Alpha Phi Sigma; Mary Washington Players; THE EPAULET staff.
- NOBLE, KATHERINE, a freshman from Caret, Va.; treasurer of Canterbury Club.
- POPE, LOUISE, a sophomore from Portsmouth, Va.; Art major; member of the French Club; Art Club.
- ROBERTS, ELIZABETH, a senior from Philadelphia, Pa.; English major; member of Alpha Phi Sigma; French Club; Co-Editor of THE EPAULET.
- RUDMAN, JACQUELINE, a freshman from Newton, Mass.; English major; member of A. A.; Cadet Corps.
- SARGENT, RUTH, a freshman from Groveland, Mass.; Music major; member of Y. W. C. A.; Orchestra.

# RICHMOND GREYHOUND LINES

Operate the Newest Super Coaches with  
Perfected Air-Conditioning



They prove the low cost way to travel. Make  
your weekly or daily trip from Fredericksburg to  
Washington, and Richmond, and your less frequent  
trips to other points north, south, east, and west

On these Comfortable Air-Conditioned

*GREYHOUND BUSES*

*Compliments of*  
**BELLS BROS.**  
**Furniture Co.**

908 CAROLINE ST.

*The*  
**Jewel Box and Gift Shop**

208 WILLIAM STREET

*Fredericksburg's Foremost Jewelers*

SEE  
**T. J. HONAKER**

*Representing*

New York Life Insurance Co.  
COLLEGE SHOPPE  
Mary Washington College

*Compliments of*  
**YOUR RECORD SHOP**  
**J. & J. Appliance Co.**

WILLIAM STREET

Phone 1458

PATRONIZE  
**The College Inn**  
Burley E. Payne, *Proprietor*  
New Equipment : New Inn  
New Proprietor  
*Best Foods at Lowest Prices*  
Mary Washington College people will  
find this a fine place to eat, and a  
Friendly Welcome

**JUDSON SMITH**  
*Photographer*

Fredericksburg, Va.

*Compliments of*  
**LYLE S. HIATT & CO.**

*Tax and Business*  
*Consultants*

*Meet Your Friends and Classmates*

AT  
**Morton's Drug Store**

1015 CAROLINE STREET

Complete Fountain Service



*Get Your Needs at*  
**Carter's Cash Market**

1403 FRANKLIN STREET

Successors to Baker's

*One block from College gate*

**College Girls, Welcome!**  
**Mayflower Restaurant**

222 WILLIAM STREET

**FOUNTAIN SERVICE**

*The Cleanest Number in Town*

**CASH CLEANERS**

*Quality*

**DRY CLEANING**

Kenmore Avenue and Wolfe Street

**Martha's Beauty Shoppe**

**Finger Waving      Permanents**

*Cold Wave*

1011-B CAROLINE STREET

**WELCOME!**

**Occidental Restaurant**

1009 Princess Anne Street

*We serve Dinners and Sandwiches*

**CHALLIE**

*Photograph Shoppe*

906 Caroline St.

*Bakers of Betty Lewis  
Products*

**CITY BAKERY, Inc.**

Fredericksburg, Virginia

*Southern Home Cooking*

**WE SPECIALIZE IN**

**Sea Food**

**SOUTHERN GRILL**

PHONES: 1319—9170